NEW BOOKS.

The Fakeress and the Prosecutor.

It seems to us that Mr. Richard Harding Davis in his story of "Vera the Medium" (Charles Scribner's Sons) should have let us know whether Mannie Day "win" on the occasion when he borrowed $2 and tried the thirty to one "shot" on Pompadour. Mr Winthrop, the District Attorney of New York, who is the hero of this tale and who made it his business not to be mistaken about anything, did not think much of Pompadour's chances, and it is probably safe to assume that Mannie "lose," but the reader likes to have the explicit word in such a case.

If Mannie did lose we are bound to be sorry for him. With Vera's help he had achieved a happy extrication of himself from some of the direst perils of the Tenderloin, and it would be impossible with equanimity to see him miss a "shot" of so potentially fortunate a character. It was cocaine that first seized him and toppled him from his high place as pitcher of the Interstate League, and after this the enemy grappled him in all its other monstrous forms. "Oh, yes," he said to the District Attorney, "I used to be awful bad! Cocaine and all kinds of dope, and cigarettes and whiskey. I was nearly all in—with morphine it was then—till she took hold of me and stopped me. She made me stop," added this confiding young Tenderloiner, quite opening his heart to the great prosecutor. "I had to stop. She started taking it herself."

We were bound to be interested here. The District Attorney, who was in love with Vera, was also interested. "What!" he cried. He was deeply moved as the once endangered and now redeemed youth went on. "I mean," said Mannie, "she started taking it to make me stop. She says to me, 'Mannie, you're killing yourself, and you've got to quit it; and if you don't every time you take a grain I'll take two.' And she did! I'd come home, and she'd see what I'd been doing, and she'd up with her sleeve and——" Here the narrator performed a horrible pantomime illustrating a subcutaneous injection. "I couldn't stand it," he concluded. "I begged and begged her not. I cried. I used to get down in this room on my knees. And each time she'd get whiter and black under the eyes. And I had to stop. Didn't I?"

It will be observed that this has the theatrical quality. There can be little doubt that it is suited for representation on the stage, like Mr. Davis's earlier story, that chronicle of the histrionic child in whose behalf the memorable Van Bibber, with lofty hospitality, did the honors of his bachelor flat. We think that the impression of Van Bibber has always remained strongly with Mr. Davis, as well as with his readers. There have been frequent reappearances. We were trying to determine which District Attorney had been drawn upon in making up the character of Winthrop in this tale, and were bothered to decide between Mr. Jerome and the late John R. Fellows, when it luminously occurred to us that this prosecutor was not either of these, but was Van Bibber.

We were sure of it as we went on. Nobody else could be variously so blandiloquent and persuasive or so coldly portentous and minatory, as the case might require. "Their eyes met, the girl's looking into his shyly, gratefully; the man's searching hers eagerly." These two were Vera and the District Attorny. Vera was a fraud. She did "fake" mind reading and fake "trance" and "cabinet" and "materialization" business, but leaving out the damnable facts of her mere occupation she had a lovely character. The District Attorney perceived this. The eyes of the two met, as we have seen. "And suddenly they saw each other with a new and wonderful sympathy and understanding. Winthrop felt himself bending toward her. He was conscious that the room had grown dark and that he could see only her eyes. 'You must be just yourself,' he commanded, but so gently, so tenderly, that though he did not know it each word carried with it the touch of a caress, 'just your sweet, fine, noble self!' Something he read in the girl's uplifted eyes made him draw back with a shock of wonder, of delight." He read, of course, that she loved him. She had loved him indeed ever since the days when he played first base for Hobart College and she sat on the fence, a "very petty little girl with short dresses and long legs," and threw back foul balls that came her way.

It is not quite proper for us, however, to afford details, no matter how interesting and delightful. We had it in mind merely to indicate something of the District Attorney's variety of manner. He did not talk to Dr. Rainey, the rascally physician, as we have just heard him talking. When he addressed that offender "his tones were cold, precise; they fell upon the superheated brain of Dr. Rainey [the doctor had been drinking] like drops from an icicle." Dr. Rainey and Vera were engaged in the same fraudulent enterprise, but that, of course, was no absolute reason why the District Attorney should not speak to each in such manner as he saw fit.

The story is not long—not so long as stories usually are that are sold for the same price. The ending is agreeable. With plenty of dramatic circumstance Vera broke loose from her "fake" employment. "I can't! I can't!" she sobbed. "Turn on the lights!" she cried. "I am a cheat! I am a fraud!" she declared, falling upon her knees. The District Attorney lifted her to her feet. She shivered and shrank. He held her close. "The sobs that shook her tore at his heart; the touch of the sinking, trembling body in his arms filled him with fierce, jubilant thoughts of keeping the girl there always." He moved with her to the door. "Now," he said, in his fullest tone of irresistible command, "you shall come to my sisters!" His automobile carried them up the avenue. The way lay through the Park. The midsummer air was heavy with vegetable odors. The trees were voluminously in leaf. Vera's face was pale and wet with tears. The District Attorney thought that never had he seen it more lovely. He looked at her without speaking. He uttered a prayer with his eyes. "Slowly the girl bent forward, and as he threw out his arms, with a little sigh of rest and content, she crept into them and pressed her face to his." We repeat that this District Attorney is Van Bibber, and not Mr. Jerome or the late John R. Fellows.

We suppose that Mannie Day stayed on in the Tenderloin. We trust that some time when he put up somebody's $2 on some Pompadour he "win." Possibly not a plausible, but surely a graphic and dramatic and readable and moving story. The reader's emotions will be stirred by it and the heart of the kindly reader will be made glad.

The Queen and the General.

It may be learned in L. C. Violett Houk's story of "The Girl in Question" (John Lane Company) that her Majesty Queen Carima Asrados was torn between the sentiment of patriotism and the more private sentiment planted in her bosom by Brig.-Gen. Leon Hartley, U. S. A. The General's age was 37 and he was a man of strong personality, very handsome, and possessed of "a fluent knowledge of the Spanish language." The Queen was younger and extraordinarily beautiful. The two had met at St. Augustine and immediately fallen in love with each other. When they met again in Washington the Queen's eyes shone and the General said: "You will never know how I have hungered for your voice." He also said, when the Queen stopped speaking for a moment: "Go on—go on! Your voice is music to my weary soul!" He further said, and said it hoarsely, that the Queen was the only one he had ever loved, and the Queen said that she had given him her heart the first day they met.

This was some time before the affecting interview described in the chapter entitled "Beating Against the Bars." In the course of this interview the Queen said: "General, you once said you loved me. If you do, I ask you to leave me now and to avoid me always when or wherever we may meet." Stoutly and beautifully the General protested against this doom. "Slowly and sacredly Hartley drew his love toward him and drank in the beauty of her face." Having done that he said: "I never knew until I knew you what it was to be awakened by the kiss of a love thought upon my eyelids." She smiled at this, and the story says that a crowning glory appeared to light the General's face "until she thought of one of the Apostles of old glorified with a halo of light."

Very likely so much would have been enough, but there was more. "All the love of the earth seemed to dance to this one spot to intensify the sublime moment." Of course the Queen's powers of resistance had bounds. She threw back her head. Soft laughter rippled on her lips. Her deep violet eyes grew wide and dark. Scarce audibly she breathed the well known sentiment that love is all. Then the General's arms enfolded her. They did it almost timidly; still, "as her face lay hidden on his breast he bent his head until with a deep indrawn breath his face sank into the masses of luxuriant fragrant hair." A hand organ played in the street; a boy whistled; but the Queen and the General paid no attention at all to those distractions.

Presently the General was blindfolded with a scarlet handkerchief and carried down cellar. He was treated there to a sight of some astonishing Voudoo ceremonies. In a great crystal dial, a "divine machine" that an Egyptian magician of undoubted parts had manufactured expressly for Queen Carima Jacinta Dèada Ysabel Astrados, the heroine of this story, he beheld a panorama that made his American flesh creep. Limited space and a strong personal reluctance forbid us to dwell upon this, but we may mention the snake god Dañh-Gbi, who was fed by four vestal virgins with white mice. The monster ate a dozen and then went to sleep like any other snake.

Senator Truesdale was greatly mistaken when he thought that the Queen would grant him intimate favors in return for his political assistance: "Come, my sweet Queen!" he cried, "one kiss!" Instead of a kiss a low whistle sounded from the Queen's lips, and a giant negro appeared and regarded the Senator in a manner so suggestive that that statesman betook himself somewhat incontinently out into the street.

Even the General was unable to prolong his period of wholly proper felicity. The Queen, as the story says, was every inch a queen. She wanted to get back to her Voudoo island (not discoverable on the map) and devote herself to the exacting business of ruling. "You're part of my life. My lips have touched yours. Our kiss was love itself! It is registered in heaven and will bind us together and into eternity!" So pleaded the General. Her nerves responded to "the thrill of his resonant voice," but quite firmly she held up a deterring hand. "No, no," she said. With what the story describes as "the analysis of a masculine brain," she added: "Ours was the ecstasy of supercivilization. Even the perfection of the human should be but one phase of this life, Leon."

He lost her. She went firmly off to the insular and uncharted Voudoo land. We were sorry for the General. Still, he was not obliged any more to look upon the unpleasant spectacle of the four vestal waitresses feeding the sacred serpent with white mice.

Anarchism Scientifically Set Forth.

Dr. Paul Eltzbacher's study of "Anarchism," translated from the German by Stephen T. Byington (Benjamin R. Tucker, publisher), tells us in a note of introduction that there is need to know anarchism scientifically, because at present there is the greatest lack of clear understanding about anarchism not only on the part of people in general but among scholars and statesmen. The author goes on to illustrate by a number of examples the utterly contradictory ideas that have been expressed by writers upon the subject.

Having finished with his introduction the author turns himself to a scientific consideration of the "problem" that he has in hand. This is very thorough and involves a number of philosophical definitions. The problem is to get "determinate concepts" of anarchism. We suppose if it were possible, in part of Matthew Arnold's phrase, to "see life whole," and if we did see it in that thorough manner, we should have a determinate concept of what life is. Anarchism is a lesser study. It is hardly as comprehensive and as variant as life, but it has its opacities and its puzzles and it is difficult enough. To obtain a determinate concept of it in place of a non-conceptual or loose notion we must have as a preliminary a sufficient understanding or determinate concepts of three matters in particular—namely, law, the State and property. The author defines these with scientific thoroughness in his second chapter, but we presume that no great fault will be found with us if we touch upon them only lightly. We will indeed say merely by way of the slightest of illustrations that when the reader comes to the definition of law he will learn that a legal norm is a norm, that a norm is the idea of correct procedure, that law is a body of legal norms, and that a legal norm, in addition to being a norm, is a norm which is based on the fact that men have the will to see a certain procedure generally observed within a circle which includes themselves.

Finishing with his scientific definitions, the author next proceeds to a comparative study of anarchistic writings. He selects seven writers of acknowledged authority and by means of careful and abundant quotations sets forth their several teachings. The writers so treated are Godwin, Proudhon, Stirner, Bakunin, Kropotkin, Benjamin R. Tucker, the American publisher of this book, and Tolstoi. We must pass over some of them for the sake of what seem to us to be the more remarkable utterances of the others. We find that in Bakunin's opinion the State belongs to a low stage of evolution. He should have been consoled in a measure, for it was his opinion further that the State would shortly disappear. Bakunin strongly objected to religion. "All religions," he said, "with their gods, demigods and prophets, their messiahs and saints, are products of the credulous fancy of men who had not yet come to the full development and entire possession of their intellectual powers." He described Christianity as "the complete inversion of common sense and reason." In discussing property he said: "In Russia, in the Scandinavian countries, in Italy, in Spain, where trade and industry are still embryonic, people but seldom die of hunger except on extraordinary occasions. In England starvation is an everyday thing. And not only individuals starve, but thousands, tens of thousands, hundreds of thousands. We should not describe this utterance as involving a determinate concept, but surely it is interesting.

Prince Kropotkin will be found to have strong objections to enacted law. "For thousands of years," he says, "those who govern have been repeating again and again 'Respect the law!'" But "the law has no claim to men's respect." He objects too to the State. "The State, which was originally to be a protection for all, and especially for the weak, has to-day become a weapon of the rich against the exploited, of the propertied against the propertyless." Parliaments are bad. "It was only a forty years movement, which occasionally even set fire to grain fields, that could bring the English Parliament to secure to the tenant the value of the improvements made by him. But if it is a question of protecting the capitalist's interest, threatened by a disturbance or even by agitation—ah, then every representative of the people is on hand, then it acts with more recklessness and cowardice than any despot. The 600 headed beast without a name has outdone Louis IX. and Ivan IV." Prince Kropotkin adds to this: "Parliamentarism is nauseating to any one who has seen it close at hand." According to this book this Prince has lived in England since 1886. He was expelled from Switzerland and cast into prison in France and Russia. England plainly has been more tolerant, but he does not appear to be grateful.

Prince Kropotkin is perhaps the most interesting of the anarchists here grouped. He is not a little eloquent in consigning the State to its doom. The State, he tells us, has already begun to decompose. "The peoples, especially those of the Latin races, are bent on destroying its authority, which merely hampers their free development; they want the independence of provinces, communes and groups of laborers; they want not to submit to any dominion, but to league themselves together freely." Meanwhile "the dissolution of the States is advancing at frightful speed. They have become decrepit graybeards with wrinkled skins and tottering feet, gnawed by internal diseases and without understanding for the new thoughts; they are squandering the little strength that they still had left, living at the expense of their numbered years and hastening their end by falling foul of each other, like old women." We do not know just when Prince Kropotkin made out his estimate of the time at which the States would collapse and disappear. His estimate was wrong, for he thought that the States would be out of business by the end of the nineteenth century. It seems proper to describe him as an anarchistic Millerite. He was overwhelmingly of the opinion, but he did not know.

Though time has shown that his propheoy will not wash, it is still no harm to rejoice with the Prince in his visions of a happy society following upon the abolition of the State. In the day that he foresees there will be plenty of leisure. In the way of work it will suffice "that all adults, with the exception of those women who are occupied with the education of children, engage to do five hours a day from the age of 20 or 22 to the age of 45 or 50 of any one (at their option) of the labors that are regarded as necessary." For instance, a society would enter into the following contract with each of its members: "We will guarantee to you the enjoyment of our houses, stores of goods, streets, conveyances, schools, museums and so forth, on condition that from your 20th year to your 45th or 50th you apply five hours every day to one of the labors necessary to life. Every moment you will have your choice of the groups you will join, or you may found a new one, provided that it promises to do necessary service. For the rest of your time you may associate yourself with whom you like for the purpose of scientific or artistic recreation at your pleasure." Delightful projection of the philosophical and philanthropical imagination! We suppose that in that happy day nobody will try to get ahead of his neighbor by working an extra half hour.

Mr. Tucker believes that "rule is evil," and that "it is none the better for being majority rule." He also inquires and answers as follows: "What is the ballot? It is neither more nor less than a paper representative of the bayonet, the billy and the bullet." We will venture to say that when Mr. Tucker wrote that he was deeply pleased by the strong alliterative effect.

Having quoted his seven teachers, Dr. Eltzbacher sums up and compares. He has prepared tables that will assist the student in his endeavor to grasp the not too coherent and determinate anarchistic idea. While the world lasts there will be thinkers. The portraits of these seven go along with the text. It is proper to add that the translator has supplied a critical preface which pitches into the author in distinctly interesting fashion.

Some Summer Fiction.

The chief stock in trade of Mr. Edgar Jepson in the past has been his smart small boy Tinker. In "The Four Philanthropists" (Cupples and Leon Company, New York) he abandons him for criminal romance. The initial idea is a good one; it is the elimination of objectionable persons for the benefit of society at large. Mr. Jepson, however, has not the nerve to carry it out consistently, so that he manages to take away sympathy from his actors without securing for them at least the crown of achievement. What should be glorious rascals sink to very conventional nonentities. The love business is clever, and the story can be read.

It is not so much a story as a series of satirical sketches of English society that Mr. John Galsworthy has strung together in the "Island Pharisees" (G. P. Putnam's Sons), and nothing has been gained in lightness by the revision to which he has subjected the book for the second edition. His objection seems to be to the self-satisfied condition of the well to do; this he holds up to scorn whether it is justified or not, and he suggests no way in which it may be improved. The worthless vagabond who stirs his hero into discontent is as conventional in his way as the respectability that starts Mr. Galsworthy's bile, and if the reader can work up any sympathy for the muddle headed hero he can only congratulate him on getting rid of the automatic athletic girl that he professes to be in love with. Where the people and the satire are so wooden there is no room for commiseration.

There is plenty of action in Mr. Arthur W. Marchmont's "My Lost Self" (Cupples and Leon Company), and that will probably excuse to the reader the crudity and clumsiness of the plot. Literary merit is not asked for in an adventure story, but Mr. Marchmont libels the Sicilian bandit in order to glorify his American hero. Sicilian wickedness is emphasized in both males and females, but the manner in which these amiable villains stand around idly watching the hero while he brings their plans to naught and permitting him to escape their knife thrusts is more that of the brigands of comic opera than of real life. After a few pages the reader will feel sure of the final triumph of the hero.

In order to give the proper Bohemian flavor to the hero of Elma A. Travis's "The Cobbler" (The Outing Publishing Company, New York), it seems necessary to get him entangled with three women at once. This is a pity, for there is not enough of his psychology shown to warrant such an embarrassment of riches, and the effect on the reader is of successive and meaningless flirtations leading up to the fashionable and unpleasant sex problems, at which the author luckily balks. The hero writes, which is the occasion for desultory and uninteresting literary and artistic talk; and he sails a boat on the Hudson, which is the excuse for the best things in the book, sketches of outdoor and simple country life. There is enough good work of this kind to make the reader regret the sex vagaries that lead the author away from her story.

Like other writers with literary aspirations Mr. William Le Queux demonstrates in "The Pauper of Park Lane" (Cupples and Leon Company) that not everybody can acquire the art required by even the lowest forms of fiction without practice. He undertakes here to produce a "thriller" with a sensation at the end of each chapter. He turns out a hopeless jumble of incidents that are not explained satisfactorily and that are not made interesting, and manages to kill sympathy for every character he introduces. His style and his people are needlessly vulgar. It is to be regretted that the powers which Mr. Le Queux attributed to editors of fiction in his testimony in the Rita case a few weeks ago were not applied to this imitation of the cheapest form of serial story.

Goats.

The strange injustice done to a useful, retiring and intelligent animal is brought up sharply by the publication, from the farmer's point of view, of a short volume, "The Case of the Goat," written by an English author who styles himself "Home Counties" (George Routledge and Sons; E. P. Dutton and Company). The prejudice against an estimable domestic beast seems to infect all the Teutonic races and is partly due to theological superstition; the climate too may have something to do with it. In the old pagan days the goat received his due with all the rest of brute creation. Greek and Latin poets sang of him and of his gambolling kid with even more fervor than they did of sheep and lambs. The great god Pan borrowed part of his shape from him, as did the satyrs and fauns.

But when Pan was dead and his goat's horns and cloven feet were transferred to the Prince of Evil, and worse, when with the Protestant Reformation, the Bible was taken literally, attaching the sins of the Jews to the innocent scapegoat and harping on the Evangelist's simile of the division between sheep and goats, the case of the goat was settled against him. It was made stronger by the Christian symbolism about the lamb. So while all the lands around the Mediterranean still cherish him and utilize him, in the Northern countries he is taboo, the object of contempt and ridicule. Yet, queerly enough, in the slang of this generation the term "kid" threatens to drive out all words designating youth from the cradle to coming of age.

To Manhattaners of middle age, despite the comic papers, the goat recalls pleasant memories of the happy days before the skyscrapers, when empty lots were to be found below Forty-second street, and when the roofs of the picturesque shanty settlements west of Central Park were crowned by his munching form. Reckless of impending erudition he roamed the heights of Morningside and gave a living relief to the Harlem market gardens. That was not so far back but that travellers on the elevated railroad can recollect the touch of rustic contrast the goat gave to the journey down town.

The book before us, however, considers the goat merely from one narrow point of view, namely its milk giving qualities. It touches on other qualities casually, for instance the fleece of the Angoras, the chief cause for the efforts to breed in England and America; the goat's gastronomic inquisitiveness, quoting a cause of demise from an unsuccessful breeder: "Another ate the pocket of my coat, with its assorted contents, including a rubber pouch full of shag tobacco and the middle sheets of the *Daily Mail*"; the use of the flesh for meat, but it does not touch on the more familiar use of the hide for leather. The author's object is to advocate the employment of the goat as a milk giver, "the poor man's cow," and he adds the testimony of many persons who have had experience with goats in England.

To Englishmen, accordingly, he demonstrates that goat's milk is richer than cow's milk, that it is healthier, that the goat costs less to keep, that faults attributed to it and its milk may be obviated by cleanliness, and so forth. To travellers in Latin Europe who have seen the herds driven through the streets and milked at the house door and who have found out that nearly all the milk they drink is from the goat, these statements may seem obvious. The facts that goats may be acclimatized in England and that they stand exposure as well as sheep were worth demonstrating. The note on sheep's milk added to the praise of goat's milk is rather curious, considering how many highly prized European cheeses are known to be made from these ingredients.

At any rate the author proves his thesis that it would be beneficial to spread the use of goat's milk, that it would help the tenant of a small holding to keep a goat, and that the prejudices against the milk and its producer are groundless and foolish.

Popular Medicine.

There is no subject more likely to be misunderstood by the layman or to cause more mischief than medicine. Theology and psychology and sociology may induce temporary mental disturbance, but statements relating to bodily health each man takes to himself. Few persons can read the advertisements of a patent medicine without feeling at once the symptoms of most of the diseases which it professes to cure, and much the same kind of personal interest attaches to the broad generalizations and the alarmist emphasis of many articles on medical topics in the magazines by which medical men endeavor to arouse interest in the matters that agitate them for the moment. Conspicuous among these of late has been an Englishman, Dr. C. W. Saleeby, who now edits "The New Library of Medicine," three volumes of which, published by E. P. Dutton and Company, are before us. They vary greatly in merit.

In "The Care of the Body" Dr. Francis Cavanagh adds another volume to the legion of books on popular hygiene. Much that he advances is sound, orthodox doctrine, and as most of the remedies he suggests are for external application, experimenting with them can do little harm, though we imagine most rational persons would consult a doctor if they really needed help. A certain picturesqueness is added by the expression of the author's personal ideas, which at times seem a little fantastic. A more dangerous and more popular topic is handled by Dr. A. T. Schofield in "Functional Nerve Diseases." It reviews the modern theories with regard to hysteria neurasthenia and the rest, presenting nothing that specialists do not know. It will fascinate those who think they are sufferers, and we should judge that, like the other books of its class, it ought to be kept away from them.

Of a different character is Dr. Thomas Oliver's "Diseases of Occupation from the Legislative, Social and Medical Point of View." This is an elaborate investigation of the diseases and accidents peculiar to each trade and industry. Much of the material is derived from Government inquiries and the facts in the book will undoubtedly be exploited in efforts to obtain further factory legislation.

Other Books.

While students of mediæval history may feel that Dr. James J. Walsh's "The Popes and Science" (Fordham University Press, New York) is superfluous as a plea, there can be no doubt that the book will remove misconceptions in the mind of the general public. Dr. Walsh naturally limits himself pretty closely to the development of medical science. When we recall that for many centuries all Christendom was Catholic and that at the same time the care of the sick and the hospitals were chiefly in the hands of the Church, his demonstration that the Popes encouraged medical study and did not stand in its way seems an obvious truth. The particular errors in regard to the matter, however, which he clears up are widely spread among non-Catholics, so that it was worth while to put an end to them. It is to be regretted that Dr. Walsh gives too

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"'I often wonder,' Thethry said dreamily, 'that we women don't invent tests to which we can submit the men we meet—without warning them, of course. I have thought of ten tests that I call the Minor Decalogue, although I've never used them.'

"'Oh, tell us about them,' the blondes clamored." Read the rest in